Mrs Anthropologist 2025 Halloween Gala

A Tale by Anthie

Featuring… (in alphabetical order)
Azzie - Azziedation
Charrmon - Jayburd14
ANON - “J”
Katie
Kieros - Kotakun
Kit - K1tCat0
Lexi - ScammedSpider
Lily - lily1024
Lyric - TheCharacterCorner
Artie - YuuWorks
Xander - Fictomorph

Hosted at **704 W High St, Urbana, IL 61801, USA**
Also featuring **you**, the reader!

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A lavish cornucopia of a gathering had been formed upon a vibrant, but stone-cold moonlight. Bright conversation and echoing music bounced from the walls, slithering out and onto the porch. White wood siding covered from corner to corner, a prominent now-neon window primarily sitting at the front of the gable. The wind's howl blew a black gale, dithering on the cusp of the bright party that was happening within the walls. For the occasion, for once, the front lawn was decked out with grave-props, cobweb sheeting, a few splatters of look aid for enhanced effect, and a few skeleton friends to sit on the porch. Bright lights stabbed through the little windows, the thump of music constantly traveling out of the front door like a deep siren's call.

Inside was a haunting of people, all from different walks of life and being, together as they stood and chatted under the vibrant, panning glow of orange-pink light. Blacklight doodles covered the walls, little words and messages, depictions of sonas and other characters, even a few messages that snuck out of the nib of the pen, revealing every time the light turned to shine on them. The overhead ambience of distantly intimate conversion filled the rooms, people sat at the couch talking to one another, all in their own self-made cosplays. Red plastic cups filled the grip of each hand at the place, filled with one of a near-infinite selection of sodas, somehow successfully packed into the fridge.

On a cloth-draped table lay a widely decadent variety of spooky treats, tasting almost as good as they looked! Expertly swirled frosting made the bright sheets of ghosts, little creases in the frosting made the wrinkles of a pumpkin, marshmallows that looked like eyeballs! Especially good for those moments where you felt like eating eyeballs, but didn't really want to go to the trouble of sourcing them.

I was sitting in the kitchen, **Azzie** and **Lexi** around the same table as me as we chatted, the music seeping in from the next room over. Our cups filled with carbonated fluids that were up to each drinker's interpretation, a black cloth with little illustrations of halloween characters and spooks covered the table. Azzie was kitted out in a cosplay that repped the glamour of a certain gray-furred wolf; his hair was frazzled, a bright, glimmering wig fell down her back as a bright-green lick of synthetic fluff curled out the front of the faux-fringe. The rabbit next to him wore a bright, baggy orange hoodie. Large, fluffy fox ears were gently clipped to Lexi's larger, realer rabbit ones. I wasn't wearing any costume in particular, I was *naturally* the scariest there already.

The conversation was light, a little soft under the thumb of the music and the chatter of the house echoing around us. A little magic fluttered in the air, as the two watched me lift my cup off of the table with nothing but a spork and a little incantation, a little flicker of sparkle brushing off and against the cloth as I placed the cup back on the desk. The pair clapped! I got up to clear a few things off of the table.

I'd *also* forgotten to mention, I did have a reservation at the Urbana paper cup convention! So I'd need to head out for a bit to get them.

So after a few words and a nod, I patted the tablecloth a little more as I slinked out of the back-door, closing it behind me. The lights seemed to flicker a little bit.

Azzie brushed her sleeve against the table as he leaned forward to pick up her drink, taking a sip of soda as he leaned back, adjusting her glasses a little bit. Glowing, warm sparkle spread itself to his sleeve, clinging to the fabric as he continued to sip.

By the magic, the colour of his shirt began to discolour, fading more and more into a muted, fuzzy grey. The sleeve itself started to tighten around his arm, the grey blending with his bright skin, becoming a prickly, wildly sensory feeling that buzzed up her shoulder.

“So… uh, cool place?” Lexi cut through, a little flick of her ears as she reignited the conversation. Slightly frazzled, Azzie sat up in his chair.

“Yeah! It's pretty cool, didn't know what to expect really, but the decorations are nice.” She scratched her shoulder, that strange, pining sensation still lingering. Warmth, a strange fuzz started to grow on her arms, fur! At least it felt like fur? Her shirt rapidly began to tighten on her skin, fusing as the pigment darkened into the muted grey that was starting to shade her body. A mild coldness moved with it, almost unfeeling as human skin started to cool, hardening into a bright, gleaming metal.

His arms started to stiffen, feeling restrictive as soft skin turned to tough aluminium, her shirt melted completely into her torso, her stomach a moody, dusty grey with a lighter patch masked across the front of his abdomen. A cooling buzz continued to spread with each sparkle of shimmering light, her shirt stretched and thickened across her chest, the thick layer of material bleeding a bright red, a black shock of splatter patterning the texture of the faux-top, a cropped panel across the modelled, synthetical and sculpted chest that grew with each tug and prod of glow.

The thick slab of red began to segment across his chest, creating a pair of shoulder pieces that added a kick off punk symmetry to Azzie’s renewed patent, redefining and redesigning the former humanity that she’d inhabited.

His mind began to stir, thoughts blurring into simple, malleable programming as the wig that clung to his hair began to fuse with it, each split strand renewed and rejuvenated itself as it defected from Azzie's deep brown, flowing and thickening as her body slimmed. Yet growing, his figure accented itself greatly, toned with beautiful, *perfect* feminine curves that tracked each facet of this synthetic body as it continued to envelop her. An invisible sparkle glittered out from her eyes as her eyelashes grew out, batting softly and lightly with the soft dab of purple makeup, making up the paint job of Azzie's new face, mind still fluttering with thoughts and little jabs at herself.

As his hair merged seamlessly with the wig, more and more of that old brown seemed to silence, sweetly brightened into the light grey that nuzzled against her growing fluff. A bright, neon lick of green flicked over her fringe, real and impermeable from her face. Shoes wrecked and burst from emerging metal, her feet moulded into paws, breaking in with a solid stomp against the floor, fuzzy as a pair of purple, black-striped leg warmers cuffed her thighs, moving up softly with warmth.

He looked down at his hands, nails solidifying into sharp, metal-carved claws that bore the same bright green as her growing hair. Despite the stark toughness of the polished

aluminium, her growing paws were still somehow soft to the touch, an affirming, affectionate feeling of euphoria flowing up and through her body, pooling at her faux-chest, modelled with love by Fazbear Entertainment's engineers. A soft, wonderfully bushy tail wagged from behind her, emerging from her rear as sparkle completely enveloped his body.

His? Wait, his? No, that wasn't right, was it? Programming filled *her* mind, affirming *her* feelings, affirming *her* thoughts, only the best, nothing *but* the best. After all, why would anyone except anything less from the keytar goddess herself, the mistress of the tracks. She *was* the best, she loved being her, everyone wanted to *be* her. Her hair was beautiful, her tail was beautiful, her wonderfully soft fur was beautiful. A muzzle grew from Azzie's face, makeup dashing across her eyes and lips, the final little touches to create the perfect guest unto herself, her faux headband-ears becoming realer than ever, returning in only Fazbear Entertainment's most advanced programming, hearing everything. Her thoughts were indexed, sorted and erased, packets constructing this new ego that was undertaking this show-stopping residency in her mind. All sold out, Azzie seemed to vanish, or did she? **Roxanne's** eyes flickered a bright, glamorous purple, she tossed her hair in her hands, a little smirk crossing her muzzle.

"Heh, nice. Pretty cool of me to turn up to a party like this, I'm sure everyone'll be *swooning* once they see me! Getting to see true awesome-ness up close, I'm *perfect…*" Roxanne spoke in a weird kind of soliloquy, examining her self-congratulated perfection in a mirror that simply wasn't there. Lexi looked up at the wolf, her mouth open in shock. She gulped, watching the torn shreds of Azzie's cosplay fall to the floor with each turn of her animatronic body. Picking up her cup, Lexi elected to try and out-cool her, staring at one of the floorboards, hoping not to attract her attention.

"Hey, ***punk***."

Oh *god*.

"Uhh, yeeees?" Hearing Roxanne's footsteps, she took another quick sip of her drink, looking up awkwardly.

"What do you think *you're* doing? Are you trying to *ignore* me?" The wolf snarled, though whether or not her contempt was genuine was yet to be answered. Her hair swished gracefully with each ego-filled twist of her voice. She crept closer, looming over the rabbit. "Absolutely *terrible* party etiquette, you've gotta at *least* try to start some conversation! A little small-talk even! Otherwise… you're just killing the vibe." Her claws primed, a sparkling, tipped green that glimmered underneath the blacklight as her colours seemed to dither under the glow, sparkle still enveloping the star.

"Wait what-" She stammered as a claw gripped the front of her sweater, pulling her close to Roxanne's face, her claws almost seemed to pulse with a reverberating aura, a vibrant, glittering sparkle that seemed to stain her form, tearing Lexi's sweater with each second the wolf's claw curled around it. Neither noticed. Lexi's eyes went wide, receiving a front-row seat, staring directly into the wolf's slightly squinted gaze.

“NOW.” Roxanne yelled, though comfortably within the eighty decibel limit of course, as to not harm Lexi’s ears.

“Me and you are going to *chat*. It can be about *anything*, even things you can nod and *pretend* to care about. Organising this thing *definitely* took tons of work, and I won’t stand for vibe-killers like *you* using your awesome evil *introverted* powers to make it awkward.”

Somehow, you could hear the pure emphasis in her voice, like her operating system could italicise her speech.

“Got it?”

“YEAH!! JUST PUT ME DOW-”

“Good!”

Roxanne quickly dropped the rabbit back in her seat, a warm, bright glow circled around where her claws had torn the sweater’s fabric. She patted Lexi very awkwardly on the head, like it was a courtesy she was programmed to do. With a strut, she walked back to her own seat. Sitting down, the wooden chair somehow managed to take the almost-ton of aluminium without as much as a snap.

The animatronic took a quick sip of her drink, looking over to Lexi again.

“So, punk. What’s your name?” Small talk had begun.

The glow around Lexi’s sweater solidified, turning into a bright, white fuzz that clumped together from the loose threads of the fabric. It spread over, beginning to dye the soft, grey fur that covered its torso. Slowly, her outfit began to slip from her body, the fit becoming unsuitable as it grew too large. White, snowy fluff coloured her stomach, soft as it climbed up to her chest, little tufts of fur growing out and fluffing to the sides. Her chest flattened, pressed down by invisible magic as she started to lose a few years, time turning back greatly with each passing second. Its rectangular rabbit ears began to soften, the headband fusing with her anatomy as the shape began to curve, her ears shrinking into a rounded, neatly triangular shape.

Soft white fur again appeared to fleece the insides of her ears, small strands of goldenrod fluff blooming and cropping up, appearing across her forehead, three large pieces of fluff growing out, lengthening and swooping into solid lines that bounced from her fur, that ever so vibrant yellow. Her eyes shifted into a bright, slightly clouded blue, its irises darkening and accentuating, an adorably boyish youth washed over it. Thoughts began to blur together a little bit, feeling distant and fuzzy. The question clicked again in her mind.

“Uhh…” She trailed off, this was such an easy question. Why couldn’t she remember her name? “L… Le… Lex… ails?”

“Le-le-lex-ails?”

“No! It was err, uh…”

Her eyes rounded out, growing as her proportions seemed to abstract, like a living cartoon, a model or sprite ripped straight from the game engine itself. Sparkling, the fluff on her face only seemed to grow faster, a small, slightly vixen muzzle grew out from her face, covered in more of that adorably soft fur, still as infinitely bright as snow. Her features smoothed out, a black button nose popping up on her muzzle, wide tufts of white fluff swooping out from the sides of her cheeks, bouncing with each little turn of her gaze.

She looked at her paws, watching as a faded, soft fuzz started to collect on each of her fingers, a thin layer of fabric that was emerging from her skin, shaping her paws in the process. A thick rim started to grow in at her wrists, soft plush fabric that was completely inseparable from her form, the rest of the glove still slowly thickening from her fur, until they poofed out into a pair of perfect gloves.

“Are you like, okay? Dude?” Roxanne said incredulously, her tone splitting a little.

“Wh- yeah! Of course I am!” It said, its voice cracking and brightening as a boyish inflection started to overwrite their old one, they sounded so excited! An eagerness filled their mind, an eager excitement that coloured every thought as their body began to shrink. Proportions counted to round out and simplify, their colours blocking out and becoming impervious to the traditional limitations of the coloured light, their body recalibrating to fit this world’s engine. A bright pull of sparkle met their tail, a small cotton tuft at their rear.
Orange fur started to cover it, the shape lengthening out and fluffing up, splitting at the centre as their single tail turned into a pair of tails, *his* tails. Tails? Oh yeah! That nickname, he’d always had it, hadn’t he? He’d often default to it, especially in place of his normal name. What was it again?

He simply looked off into space, Roxanne still watching him as his eyes spiralled away into a murmur of expression. He kicked against the floor lightly, his sneakers re-tooled and refit as they sported him, practically inseparable. Bright, fuzzy memories danced around his head; speeding around with his best friend Sonic at a million miles per hour! Miles per hour, miles *per* ow-er.

“Miles!”

“Huh?”

“My name! Well, not my name. It’s Tails!” He said brightly, a little wag of his tail coupling with the smile on his face, the former ‘costume’ had simply vanished. Roxy looked at him, a little odd, but eventually her expression softened.

“See? It ain’t *that* hard to have a conversation.”

“I guess! I don’t really do this very often.”

“.. .Speaking??”

“Nope, parties!”

The pair ambled on, the music flooding both’s ears as we turned our focus away for a little bit! Spooky sparkle having now overcome them both, a looming force that’d now manifested itself, now *haunting* the party and its inhabitants.

In the next room over, a CRT stood against the wall, looping the same Halloween horrors. Bunting and decorations draped from the ceiling, faux-blood splatters splattered over the wallpaper, glittering with each flicker of blacklight. Red plastic chalices clinked against each other, filled with a bright green brew of battery acid, safe to drink! Lights gleamed and glowed as chatter floated through the space. Carved and lit pumpkins were scattered across the floor, a subtle warmth drifting up and through the air as the candles within melted away.

Xander and **Artie** sat on the couch to the left, a pumpkin-patterned throw blanketed the worn-out leather, a variety of shaped pillows and plushies coupled themselves alongside the cushions. Ghosts, a sprout-mole, Teemo, a plushie of a clock? And a Blåhaj!

Sitting to the left, Xander sported a bright-red jumpsuit, a black-and-white jacket sitting on top as his blond hair was commanded to spike out dramatically; a prop-keyblade safely poised underneath his arm, made of a soft, spongy foam. His sneakers were a bright yellow, while the collar of his jacket popped out dramatically, a pair of carefully patterned gloves sat on his hands, a dangling chain with the mouse’s silhouette swooped from the keyblade’s handle.

On Artie’s head was a bright red mohawk that clipped over their cat beanie, the blood-red strands matching adorably with the snoot of their beanie; green makeup covered their face as little jade lines and details created the illusion of scales. Luckily, they already owned a pair of square-framed glasses, helping to sell the look even more! A sour, bright yellow covered the eyes in the form of their contacts, a split-iris graphic that immersed them as the anthro raptor they’d gone as.

“So you went all-out on everything, *except* the stutter?” Xander teased, lightly thwacking their shoulder with the keyblade.

“Pff. Well, uh, at least I got the hair right! I don’t think Sora was blonde.” They snapped back, jesting with the fake claws on their fingertips.

“Sora can be blonde if he wants to be.” He jabbed back, grinning smugly. “I don’t think Ollie had a cat beanie.”

“Well he should’ve!”

Across from them was another sofa, the black faux-leather obvious and visible against the sublime orange-light, covered in warm wintery blankets to offset the crisp outdoor air. A pillow of the Annoying Dog sat stationed on the left. **Click** and **Katie** took up the seats to the right! Both chatting warmly, Click wore a bright, slick red dress, the thin fabric wrapping around each inch of his torso, looking fabulous! Same-coloured high-heels cushioned their feet, a little awkward to walk in, but he looked great in them, a pair of clip-on pumpkin

earrings finished the look completely, a light dab of blush brightening his face softly, she sat with one leg crossed over the other.

Katie on the other hand wore a lush-brown wig, contrasting starkly against her green fur, the demoness additionally brought a pair of black latex shorts, shiny and comfortable as the material reflected the light smoothly. Though as a bid to forgo going completely toppless, they doubled the look with a cropped top, fashioned out of the same soft rubber. It clung to her comfortably, she'd slid a pair of blue colour-contacts over her eyes to finish the look. Funnily enough, the eyes made her look as if she was a post-transfur of the human she was meant to be cosplaying.

"Fun party. The chillness is nice, especially compared to the ones I've been to before. Just needlessly blasting house music." The Katubus spoke, purring as she chatted; xe's tail slinking up and around the couch. Its height towering over Click. "They don't sell earplugs in my size in a ton of places anyway." She looked down next to her.

"It's cool, it's nice to go out like this too." He responded, looking up at Katie while his hand gently pinched the end of his skirt, the little red studs sparkling in the soft light. "Who are you dressed up as?"

The demoness looked up, holding a drink in her paw. "Colin! Or Lin, from Changed. Someone else took Kris apparently." Kat nodded again, taking a little sip. "This is nice though, not too dissimilar from my usual outfit. The wig is a fun addition though." Chuckling softly, she passed the conversation back. "What about you?"
"Ehh, it's just nice to wear this dress. Had it laying around for ages and just never really got the chance, these are pretty cool too." He pointed to his earrings. "Isn't Colin like, shirtless though?"

"Mmm, as fun as it would be to make the costume as true as it could be. I don't think it'd be the best idea to turn up shirtless. This suffices though!"

"Pfft. Fair enough."

Suddenly, a loud, bouncing knocking sound could be heard from the room over, thwacking and hammering against the walls. A bright, drifting sound could be heard with each hit against the wood, like a boulder being bounded against a cliff edge. Loud, cartoonish bounces of energy sounded off with each little motion of chaos.
A loud blur of pale yellow came crashing through the wall, a spluttering cough of dust flinging everywhere as pieces of the wood chipped and dispersed across the floor, the pale golden light of the kitchen leaking through the hole. The music continued to play loudly, a shudder filling the four as the yellow blur crashed into Artie's lap. A rough "oof" cawing from them as the fox crash-landed.

"Now THAT'S how you do a spin-dash!" Tails exclaimed proudly, a bright cloud of fervent sparkle puffing up and twinkling around him, an aura that concentrated itself *directly* into Artie, a bright glow beginning to radiate from their hoodie. Artie and Xander stared at the mobian in the former's lap, jaws firmly dropped. Click and Katie looked over from the other side of the room, watching curiously.

“Oww. What the… Lexi?” They prodded, wasn’t Lexi dressed up as Tails? How was Tails here? His fur was golden bright, almost sparkling in the light. He looked up at Artemis, a little confused.

“Lexi? Who’s *that?*”

Bright light started to coat Artie’s form, hovering around their beanie as it started to vanish into their hair, the bright, feverish red starting to fluff up and straighten, thick as it seeped in. The wig mohawk flared up as it fixed itself to their head, consistent and fiery down their scalp.

Dark, muddy green scales began to form, emerging from their skin as a fuzz flickered through their face. Their vision sharpened, a piercing press of something feeling at their eyes as the coloured contacts simply became part of them, as permanent as they’d ever been. Green continued to cover their face, the face-paint simply dissolving into the colour that coaxed the growth along, little darker spots patterning the rough texture of their scales.

“Wh-what? That’s you! O-Obviously?” Artie cawed, their voice lagging as a stutter came out. Colouring their voice with a newly endearing inflection.

“I don’t think so! I don’t know a Lexi, cool costume though!”

The fox chirped, picking himself up as he simply hovered up. “Also come to the kitchen! If you want, me and Roxanne are playing solitaire against each other.”

He nodded again, smiling, before flying into the next room. Artemis was purely lost for words.

The blue on their face brightened into a real shade, a colour that pigmented the green of their scales, the simple face colouring becoming one with the rest of them as the colour fused around their eyes, blotching with flames of aqua flickering around the sides of their head. Spots and little marks continued to develop on the reptile’s skin.
He felt their face, tingling with an unknowing ache as his teeth sharpened, pointing with a hunter’s ancestry, fiercely sharp, homodont in their position, a serrated quality sharpening the contour of each individual tooth as it sharped in their maw.
Green continued to colour their skin with soft, cool scales. Seamless as a pushing, near-ripping feeling stung their face softly, his face starting to pull out, shaping into a strong, though tender muzzle. Their expression grew a brightly toonish quality, wildly and wonderfully expressive, as if taken from still, solid moments of emotion. Dimming, the sclera of their eyes faded into a bright yellow, their iris becoming a crystallised blue.

As his snout continued to grow, so did his outfit? Their hoodie, a thrifted DIY of their *real* one, started to re-fit itself on their body. Accounting for their gained height by puffing up, the fabric thickening as it weighted itself softly on their shoulders, feeling comfortable, familiar, almost homely? White undershirt tucked underneath, scales didn’t exactly pair *well* with the snow.

Their hands had reshaped. Lush green scales colouring them like leaves of a Jurassic tropic, little rigid textures of darkened green accenting each individual finger on their hand, a bright flicker of lemon-toned keratin poking from their fingertips, their claws!

Eventually his entire torso was covered in lush, green scales. A tail wagging from behind them as the scalie found themselves tumbling amidst a sea of thoughts.

“Uh… Artie?” Xander placed a hand gently on the raptor’s arm. “Are you like, good?”

“Oh, y-yeah! I’m okay! S-Sorry if I’m acting a bit w-weird. No, huh?" Their brain was almost frazzled, two streams of thought crashing into each other. Who even was Artie anyway? Wait, yeah! He knew who Artemis was, one of his closest friends and absolutely nothing more, totally. The “emo” guy he’d always hang out with, and they were a pretty damn formidable cook. No, their name was “**Ollie!** Or, uh, O-Oliver?” As confidently as they said it, a pang of anxiety coloured their words. “But you can, uh, c-call me **Ollie**.” Smiling, the raptor nodded, their costume long-vanished into their form, they sat comfortably, turning to Xander to resume the conversation. Xander simply looked on in pure confusion, his hand still gripping on their sleeve.

“Ollie? Wait, what?”

“Yeah? T-That’s my n-name! Well, n-nickname. Remember?” Ollie’s expression softened into a casual smile, tail wagging slowly as they talked, a brightness glimmered in his eyes. “A-Anyways, what were t-talking about?”

“Okay.” Xander paused, collecting his thoughts slightly, shifting the keyblade in his grasp. “Who are you?”

“Ollie! D-duh.” He cocked his head in slight confusion, though still smiling nevertheless. Almost disarming Xander’s confusion.

“And who’s Artie? Artemis. However *you* know them.”

“Our f-friend? You k-know Artie! The blue j-jay? The really e-emo one, heh. Kind of q-quiet but really outspoken wh-when they want to be. They’re an a-amazing cook, a-and they’re terrified of cockroaches. They a-also like music! Heavy music, but l-lots of it. I th-think I even heard them listening to c-country once?-”

“Okay! I get it, right.” He interrupted them, the vividness of the raptor’s seemingly implanted memory was almost staggering, a sparkle still glittering softly around his hands. “So, if you’re Ollie. And if that’s how you remember Artie. Who am I?”

“Are you uh, o-okay? You’re **S-Sora!**”

“Wait-”

Suddenly, everything went numb. Like a light had been switched off, a dimmer switch turned down. Xander felt a rush of something powerful rush through him, like an impossible pulling and pushing that was thrashing him around, pulling him away and away, senses becoming foreign and fuzzed, as if caught behind a thickening static.
A push hit his chest, sending him falling back as he caught a glimpse of blonde, his own hair? It passed by his vision, he saw the back of a jacket, his jacket? He was just cosplaying Sora, wasn't he? It was a Halloween party! It's not like he was actually-

"You're right! That *is* my name! I guess my mind went blank."

Wait, what? That wasn't him saying that. That wasn't, what? It was *his* voice, the same tone he'd been familiar with for years, there was no doubting that. But it wasn't his words. Xander tried to speak, to correct himself, but the words couldn't come out. The words wouldn't come out. He looked down, and he saw himself? He was standing a few feet away from the couch he was sitting on, sitting with 'Ollie'. But he could see himself sitting there, sitting on the couch in cosplay, it was *his* body.

"That's g-good to hear! You w-were kinda freaked out for a sec. A-are you o-okay?"

Ollie asked, seemingly talking to 'Xander', but the words didn't reach him, were they even talking to *him?* He looked down at himself, finding that he could look straight down to the floor, straight through his arms. He was a ghost? It was such a strange feeling, he looked down to where his shoes would've been, he was like some sort of projection. Like an illusion of someone projected onto the wall of a cave, his mind was here. So who was sitting next to Ollie?

"I'm good! And this place is amazing too!"

"Y-Yeah! It's been a r-really fun party s-so far. Talking w-with everyone has been really n-nice."

Xander watched, he just got to watch as 'Sora' talked for him, it was such a weird feeling. He drifted through the room, the light passing through him like streetlight rippling through a puddle. Everything felt warm, but cold at the exact same time, he looked over at his own eyes, seeing how they'd changed? Xander's eyes were always a dark brown, never anything different, but as he looked. They were blue?

He watched as 'his' outfit began to brighten, the colours saturating as reality started to distort. It was a weird sight, like squeezing layers together in an art program. He watched as his skin tanned a little, coloured with the sun of a million worlds. His blond head of hair that'd simply been styled into Sora's signature spikes started to darken, the brighter blonde darkening and dimming into that familiar mocha brown. Time itself started to come undone, Xander's cosplay shrinking with each second as his changes progressed further.

Sparkle glowed in front of his face as his expressions grew bright and toonishly endearing, his voice brightening until his tone was soft, sounding *barely* above high school! Lines as if muttered from a written script, spoken from a warm and hearty story. The foam keyblade started to glow, the faux and spongey material glowing bright and reflective under the light,

the glimmer of metal as the grip itself toughened, becoming real and tangible with each passing moment of transformation, Xander felt himself being pulled forwards, floating. His body's cosplay continued to firm up, the shorts of his jumpsuit puffing up with airless form, the plastic chains he was wearing weighed themselves down with the shine of real metal. Xander's voice settled, completely new and familiar, Sora.

With a flick of something, Xander was pulled back. He was facing Ollie again, but he was noticeably *shorter* than them, everything felt different, everything *was* different. Feeling the weight of the keyblade in his hands, he looked down to see the outfit that he was now wearing, the person he now was. It was so strange, a feeling he couldn't even begin to describe.

"Uh, S-Sora?" Ollie spoke, it was so strange to even hear the name rolling off of his voice. All the while making eye contact with him.

"What's up, Ollie?" He responded brightly, in that wonderfully toony voice. Xander wondered if this body was permanent, he also wondered if this *outfit* was permanent.

"Were your e-eyes always hazel?"

"I think so! I don't remember them being any other colour." Sora said brightly, Xander figured that the best thing to do was to simply play along.

"O-Okay!" Ollie said, a toothy smile spread across their face. A slight touch of curiosity stained his expression. "Also! U-Uh, does the keyblade d-do real magic? Or i-is it just a p-prop?"

"Ooh?" Mused Sora, his gaze looking down to focus on it. The keyblade, *his* signature weapon. "I could try!" He smiled heartily, almost infinite invisible stars still orbiting him.

"S-Sure! If you w-want to."

He held the blade in his hand, his glove hesitantly gripping the hilt, the key itself blinking radiantly with magic. It was *his* magic, Sora's magic.

Acting wasn't something Xander had ever considered, but seeing himself like this was oddly empowering? He swished the keyblade in the air, releasing sparkling flickers of glow. A tiny nebula of magic came pouring from the enchanted blade.

With an almost toon motion, Sora jumped into the air. He swung the keyblade down, a bounce of glowing light triggering his double jump!

A wave of glowing, sparkling magic rushing out and into the air, stars for one being able to go with and compliment the dust in the air.

The keyblade's magic flew over to and washed over Katie's demonic body, her demoness features flickering a little, hesitating as the haunting sparkle washed over xer. Working slowly, the wig she was wearing fused to her hair, the green of her fur simply enrolling into

the changes. Her height drastically shortened, her tail vanishing into her rear as the Katabus' features continued to simplify. Her breasts flattened into nothing, simply becoming small pecs on its chest, pale skin emerging from underneath the bright green. The latex of her shirt became taught against her skin, sliding down to her hips as she continued to shrink. Katie's muzzle flattened into her face, eyes beaming a dulled, light blue.

"Uh, *Katie?"*

She felt herself being pulled away, pushed from her body as her demonic spirit dithered between here and there, Click looked up to xe's idle form. Watching as it continued to shrink, humanising while the demoness' spirit simply watched from the wings. Her voice almost vanished, replaced by the blank slate tone of a person in the wrong place at the wrong time. From the nature of her changes, you could almost see it as a form of reversion, humanity being reimbursed to a person that'd long denied its conventions. Being changed into a blank slate, a person made with the intention of being changed, the intention of being completely replaced and corrupted.

Katie simply watched, observing the modification of her vessel, watching as the latex top she'd worn fit over his pecs, how the signature, almost tropey shorts hugged his legs. Eyes sparkling with a bright, just as blank blue, his skin continued to flush pale, the last little notes of green starting to clear up, fading into obscurity as Katie's spirit continued to hover around xe's body.A chill ran down its spine, the cool air of the room combined with the furlessness of human skin, in an act of *stylistic* mercy, Katie's latex shirt was magically sized and fit to wear on Colin's body.

With a snap, she was back, her spirit sitting in Colin's human body. She was still herself? It was such a strange feeling, going from absolutely towering over everyone else in height, to now being in the running for shortest in the room. As Katie came back to her senses, she looked down at herself, the flow of her bright, fiery brimstone eyes glowing against her pale, white skin.

"Hmm?"

She mused, now with Colin's voice, a kind of permanent bemusement washing over every word. A swirling storm of sparkle still circled the pair, the glow of his eyes sparkling in the centre of it all.

"Wait, Colin?"

"Yeah?" *He* spoke, his voice coated in a theatrical dryness. Overall, he didn't seem too bothered. Click simply looked at him with astounded confusion.

Colin let out a small chuckle, a smirk spread across his face. Click perked up, checking him.

"Uh… what's funny?" He asked, his voice meek and surrounded.

"Nothing mainly, just the fact that you haven't noticed your hair growing out." Smug, he gestured to them. Click felt their hair.

“What?”

Click’s glasses simply vanished from his face, poofing away into glimmering red glow as his hair began to lengthen. The muddy, warm brown of their hair grew out, curling and twisting in places as it swished behind her head. Little tufts of brunette fluff swooped upwards, pointing tough. Horns, the brunette shadow of them. Their hair was soft, *really* soft, the feeling comfy and affirming, stirring fresh euphoria as his bangs grew in, comfortably sitting at the sides of his face.

“Uhh.. Kati*eep!* What's *bloop!* Happening??”

“Hmm, who’s Katie?”

As each twist of magic continued to emasculate their body, his voice softened, heightening into a warm, effeminate tone. But words were what was starting to become difficult, the letters blurring into vocalisations and other sounds of habit, she was dating a rapper after all, it always helped to keep in tune with the music! It was such a strange feeling. Colin simply looked over to him, a smug grin spreading across his face.
Tightening over his form, his dress became slick and snug against his skin as he grew taller. Fabric tailoring itself to her new proportions, sparkle coated her hands as her skin blushed and softened, kept with years of fashionista prowess. Blood drawn from the wealth of a demonic lineage. Everything felt so *funky!* She just wanted to give in, bopping her head along to the beat, that’s what she always did! Didn’t she?

“Boop bap! Beep!”

Her body began to curve, her chest pushing out as *her* breasts grew in, forming underneath the lush, red fabric. The sleeves trimmed off, revealing her softened, toned arms. Everything felt so different, as if *she’d* been pulled straight from the flash files of the world *her* face belonged to. Where the silly thoughts she was thinking couldn’t bother her, just the musical boops and beeps she was made to abide by, in rhythmic harmony. *Her* dress shortened, the length cutting until it was *barely* covering her butt, the rest of the thin, flexed material hugging each little corner and point of her torso, *her* chest firm and soft with each euphoric sensation of her breasts. The demonic sweetheart looked over *her* new body, hand cupping her lower half as it grew, her features growing and maturing, a razor-sharp look replacing the former cutesy of Click’s cosplay.

Glow continued to circle *her* body, endowing it with a thickened, black outline; dress almost looking permanent, like a second skin that kept itself unchanging, made to hug her beautiful curves, like the crowning piece of her lover’s sound. Softly, her eyes darkened into dark, toony spots, wide and adoring. Eyelashes batted out, a glimmer of soft stardom, the high treble of the synth drums filling her mind like a loving static. Her voice settled. Any thoughts or meandering memories about ‘Click’ were wiped clean. She was Girlfriend! She’d never been anyone else, hadn’t she?

Girlfriend looked about in a daze, her hand placed against her face. Colin watched her curiously, ambling as he sipped his drink. Resuming like nothing had changed.

Had anything changed?

“Feeling better?”

“Beep!”

“Good, glad to hear!” He sipped again, almost finishing his drink of something. “I wonder when everyone else is going to come in here. This room is big enough for twice our guest list.”

“Bloop, bep?” She replied, one leg crossed over the other. Magic still buzzing around the pair’s heads.

“Sounds good.” Colin nodded. “I’m pretty sure Kieros is finishing up her costume now? I’ll call her in.”

Almost as if on cue, the second Colin went to stand. A masked figure stepped into the room, a pair of pointed horns that was outfitted with a baggy dark sweater, a few patches of purple combined with a few pairs of prop pokeballs creating the ode to a certain ghostly trainer. Kieros stood excitedly, her cosplay impressive and indulgent of her chosen character. Though the company that the room had been keeping was definitely a little confusing. She walked into the centre of the room as glowing lights swirled and danced around her. Antenna twitching slightly, she could almost sense the transformative force that was lingering in the air. She eyed a couch in the centre of the room.

“Hey! Sorry for being a bit late, getting these things to clip to your sides is *much* harder than what the trainers in the games make it out to be.” She said, sitting down as she faced Colin and Girlfriend.

“Helloo, sweet cosplay by the way.”

“Thanks, you both look really cool too.” Kieros nodded, squinting a little. “Like, surprisingly realistic? It’s great though.”

“Thank you.” Colin nodded, stifling a short laugh as he basked in this strange inside joke he’d been pulled into.

“Bap! Beep bop.” Girlfriend said, her voice bright and cheery as her expression grew to match Colin.

“Uh, what did she say?” She looked over to Colin. “Sick voice by the way.”

Colin leaned forward slightly, that look appearing again as he spoke slowly.

“He said that she likes your cosplay too. And that it’s good to meet you, ***Allister***.”

At that moment, all of the light seemed to focus on Kieros, she awkwardly took a sip of her drink. They were joking, right? Just making a nice comment on her cosplay, it couldn't have meant anything else. Girlfriend's face looked oddly complacent, as if she was affirming something otherworldly. A ghostly light surrounded Kieros' outfit.
Glow perforated her mask, a circular, motionless mouth opening up at the bottom, hollow and blank. The white, pointing ears atop her hair vanished, disappearing into a blank sparkle. A soft brightness coated her hair, light coaxing over her strands as they dyed a dim grey. Her bangs grew out, softening into a pair of long strands that flopped down, like downward peaks at the sides of her face. A cowlick flicked up from her hair, imbued in that same, soft grey, drooping over the front of her mask. Her antenna simply folded away, becoming smooth streaks of grey amidst the rest of *my hair…*

A ghostly, otherworldly force prodded at her shoulder; a brisk flutter of whispers stirring in her ears, the sound soft and somber as it echoed from each tunneling gap of her mask. Behind *my* concealed face, Kieros felt a glimmering, tingling feeling at each of her eyes. The glowing pupils that offered her old eyes dimmed, becoming a stark blackout that reduced her mask to a blank trio of carved punctures, a hollowed suggestion of a face. Underneath, her pupils switched hue, the colour swirling a deep, spectral purple. Her facial features softened, warping slightly as she began to *shrink*, her height slowly, slowly shortening as she sat, entranced. Tooning, a softly animate flicker of colour washed over her body; human ears peeked out from behind *my mask*, her skin flushing pale and bright, an insipid paleness seeping through, washing any colour out.

An eldritch, rummest force cupped its hands around Kieros' mind, her thoughts slipping away. Memories coming briskly undone, a shiver encumbering her mind in a vapid, sparsely lit cave of thought. Mingling with the spiritual, enthralled by the ghostly, ghoulish gasp that came of courting with the wraithy eidolon.

The bright, accenting green of her sweater began to dim, her collar freezing into a cold shade of mauve purple. As the speckled aniline asserted itself, the bright cyan of her sweater completely deepened into mariana black, a long sleeve shirt continued, intending on replacing her sweater with *my* shirt. On *my right sleeve was the Gala league symbol,* a token of membership, not that she'd recalled ever even being part of it. Rings of light, softened purple covered the edges of her sleeves.

A golden, black emblem of a spirit embedded itself on her shirt. Amidst the haunting wardrobe malfunction, her pants poofed into a pair of shorts, a speckled, dotted pattern of starry black covering each inch of the fabric, a set of symbols adorned *his* outfit, signs of his accomplishment, despite his unending, modest need to avoid the spotlight. Kieros felt herself begin to fade, her spirit vacating this body as she was pulled out, replaced.

Merged with a new identity, white and black sneakers cupped her feet, covered with a shy, thin fabric that motioned up, unfurling like the head of a white dandelion. *Allister* felt a glove cup his hand, purple with black fingertips. A set of pokeballs clipped at his hip, indicative of his passion, his calling. *He* was a pokemon trainer, a formidable one at that. Having climbed the ranks at such a *young* age, being entitled with this position as gym leader. He was a doting herald of the spirits. Allister. The leader of Stow-On-Side's stadium gym, a quiet, if undoubtable wielder of the spirits.

“... W-What were we talking about again? Crumbs, I think I’ve forgotten.” Allister spoke nervously, a stutter coating his words. *His* words were spoken in a thickened English accent. Girlfriend checked him.
“Bloop bep, skdoo bap?”

“O-Oh! Yeah, Wyndon stadium was a really g-great place to compete in. Even if I didn’t win, it’s absolutely *h-huge*…” He gripped his sleeve a little, not too fond of making a fuss about his history as one of Galar’s formidable Gym Leaders.

As the group continued to chat, the once small portion of magic had grown, expanding into a wide transformative era that’d managed to fill the entirety of the front room. Magical light was bounding from each corner of the space, everyone’s warm conversion acting as a conduit for every mischievous twist of reality. Almost from the wooden panelling, out and under the night sky. Music thumped from inside.

Lily stood on the porch, albeit a little late. She was wearing a brightly homemade costume, fitted in fresh inspiration from her sona! Though she mixed it up a little, a pair of boots and a jacket, mixed with the bright colours of pink and purple. Creating a cool punk, tempting the indoor magic. The porch was covered in fairy lights, low and twinkling as it created a ring of looming glow around the door. Sparkle seeped from the small little gap underneath it. A tsunami of various colours and lights poured from the front glass. Shadows of discussion and distant partying peeked from the windows to Lily’s right.

She pulled the door open, letting glow wash over her.

Her crown reflected the shimmering light, the centred jewel glowing in its purest vivacity, the colour bouncing from the ritual of gleam surrounding her. Lily’s soft, tossed bangs flared up, spiking out in a rambunctious switch of visual character. The pastel tone of her hazel hair brightened into neon blue, a bright deep that took transformative inspiration from the lone gem on her crown, the stone still glowing brightly.

Swooping to the side of her face, her bangs became dyed in that same blue hue as the rest of her hair. The strands felt slightly scratchy, almost tired against her skin, as if they’d been treated again and again, colour changing repeatedly. Blue covered her fringe fully as the spikes swooped down in front of her face, her quiet brown eyes completely dimming to inky black.

“It’s time to wake up, dude.”

The thought coursed through her head, clearing miles in seconds. A subspace highway tunneling into her mind. As her hair finished growing out, the ruffled collar of her dress thickened; toughening into a cotton hoodie, the colour warmed to a dark, moody magenta. Colour continued to seep into the softness of her dress as the fabric itself abstracted, split into two new layers. A mildly beige pink denim jacket spawned from her regal attire, her sleeve cuffs buttoned and rugged.

Her soft, almost silk skirt was swapped for a denim one, pulled up as it fit comfortably around her sides, notable as her proportions shifted. Yeah, wait. Didn't Knives say she was fat once? So many memories were flooding back, coming straight to her, flowing through these subspace tunnels. The dark periwinkle purple of her dress reprised itself in *Ramona's* hair, making up the colours of her most *recent* dye job. What was she thinking about again? She always recoloured her hair every three weeks, making sure to keep things interesting! And to not reveal the true colour of her hair.

Ramona felt her bag at her side, comfortably slung over her shoulder. Looking at the bright embroidered star at the front, she closed her eyes. Everything felt so much clearer to her, like skimming the edge of another cosmic level, skating through the void, a simple reach into her bag sending her, Ramona's cool swiftly kept as it all washed over her. Her tights cupped her legs, stretching down to touch base at her boots. Fashioned from that same, shiny mystery material. Was it leather? She had no clue.

She placed a hand at her forehead, the last fleeting remnant of Lily's dress vanishing as so did any trace of Lily. Ramona's thoughts swirled with a bright, unknown haze, as if she was shaken from a strange dream. Her features had softened, her movements choppy and frame-capped as a result of her subtle tooning, allowing for a piece of her new really to mix with the old. Her hair gleamed a bright, softened purple, mixing with the hardened blue. Ramona Flowers, she felt the smaller crown tucked amidst her hair. Grabbing it, a little plink audibly sounded in her mind, a mental menu shut itself as she slid it into her bag.

[Key Item Obtained! - Lily's Crown]

Thinking for a moment, she decided that it'd probably provide *some* use sometime down the line. Besides, it was a pretty cute accessory. Her hair sported her old self's colours, almost as if she'd never left it, still gaining something new in the process, a new her.

[You have unlocked **Ramona Flowers** as a playable character!]

Nice.

Ramona stepped inside, her cool being obvious, ridiculous while compelling nevertheless. She walked into the main commons, her hand placed over the star on her bag. The light brightly danced with the colours in her hair. As the door shut, she felt a variety of myriad eyes looking at her.

"Hey guys."

"Oh- hey Ramona!"
"Haii. Uh, err, hello!"
"Yo."
"Hi!"
"Beep!"

"Sweet party! Y'all look sick." She nodded as she sat next to Colin, becoming another part of the Halloween atmosphere…

“Checkmate!”

“Heeey, no fair!”

While the others were busy hotboxing the commons with magic. Tails and Roxanne were still going at Solitaire, against each other. Whittling down the last few sips of their drinks. Roxanne was leading with a steady streak of winning games.

“When it comes to Solitaire, you just have to know the house rules, dude”

“*Does* Solitaire have house rules?”

“Sure it does! That’s what keeps them fun after all.”

“Hey has anyone seen my-” Charrman walked in, hand held at the front of his nose as if it’d been sawed off. Behind him wagged a cosplay tail, black and dim white. Paired was a set of wolf-like ears, pointed upwards with bright, piercing white fur. “.. Mask?”

Looking forward, he didn’t see two people in cosplay. He just saw Roxanne Wolf, and Tails. Playing cards. The sight was jaw dropping, something which was very confirmed as he felt his fall open.

“Uh… hi?”

“Hai!”

“Uhh, hey.”

“Hey.”

Silence. Until Roxanne broke it.

“Mask? I don’t think I’ve seen one. And I’ve got pretty good eyes.”

“Good enough to count cards anyway.”

“In Solitaire?”

“Yeah! Duh, I mean, uh. Whatever.” The wolf stood up, her physical presence only a tiny bit horrifying to Charrman. “Haven’t seen it, sorry. But I *can* do you one better!” She walked over to them, pure magic radiating from her body, the colour around her aberrating with shine. A metal paw gently rested itself on his head, ruffling his hair with contagious sparkle. His prop ears began to glow, a film of light surrounding the pair.

His train of thought was broken, thoughts becoming distant and suspended until his eyes swirled with magic. Tails watched in awe, as Roxy admired her ongoing work.

“Wait what are you-”
Charrman’s messy hair puffed up. Brown fluffing into long, volumed grey hair. Their initially rumpled style became smooth and pointed, the strands tossing themselves to the side as the light grey fell down his back, effortless and gently, brushing against his shoulders. A fiery, molten fire ignited in their eyes as their whites tempered at a sweltering red, the sclera of his eyes scalded into a piercingly bright white. The same bright shade growing over his face, thick fur enveloping his pale skin. Glow absorbed the grey hood of his hoodie as it lifted into intense crimson fuzz. A black, studded choker appeared around his neck. His headband and tail seemed to vanish into a brimstone coloured nothing.

Dominant with a certain air of hellish punk, a set of thin, wispy stretches of thick material seeped from the thick leather of his choker, almost like a collar. Her shoulders gently drew in as the spaghetti straps from her choker arranged themselves into the striking shape of an inverted pentagram. Notably still has a moody grep crop-top covering her torso, the short sleeves slim and simple as the fabric nestled itself over her growing fur. Tufts of her charcoal coat flicked up and off to her sides.
His hoodie continued to fade into nothing, the grey fabric simply merging with his skin, becoming one with it as cotton and other myriad materials faded into the fibres of his newly emerging fur. Warmth bore into the pores of his chest, stirring with teasing feeling as *she* began to grow breasts. Even if just a simple bump against their hoodie, the new feeling was utterly considerable, and deeply warm against *her* skin. Everything felt as if it was approaching a boiling point. Placing a *paw* to his forehead, he felt that greatly foreign feeling of fur against fur. Emerging as his fingers thickened with soft fluff, becoming simple, tooning digits on *her* hands, her paws?

Their face was met with a fierce tug, a solid pulling sensation that pushed their head into a *much more fitting* hellhound configuration. The front of Charrman’s snout met in a strong point that jutted out with an almost feral strength, *her* cheeks fluffed up gently with deep midnight fur. A static shift of sense flickered in his mind as his human ears simply folded away into flattened fluff on his face. A new set of ears emerged from *her* hair.

Her right peeked out vividly from her undercut, as the left appeared nestled between her hair. Little flickers of black toned the corners of her eyes as her eyelashes batted out softly. An ambient, mild sense of pins and needles complimented the sudden appearance of her ears as her piercings reformed, fixing themselves into her skin. Bright white fluff continued to appear, softly pillowing the insides of her ears as she felt her mind blur with pure sensory renovation. Paws emerged from his sneakers, the green fading into deep black as his soles burst, reformed into knee-high stockings that circled her thighs. A second segment of hoodie reformed, having split into a set of black shorts, finely tattered at the hems as a crescent moon ripped into the fabric.

Blush filled *her* face as she looked over her new body, memories swirling and inserting themselves to fill in the newly formed gaps. A tail grew from the tip of her spine, growing out and curling with quickly forming fluff, poking through a prepared hole in her shorts, her outfit

attuned to this new body, the correct body. Any semblance of Charrman was seemingly kept to a wry whisper, something buried under the post-teenage angst of Hell's greatest receptionist. Just happening to *also* be the receptionist of Hell's greatest assassin's service!

*"You feeling okay **Loona**?"*

Loona, that was ***her*** name.

"Uhh… Loona?"

Comfortable, she rested the chin of her muzzle against her paw, she smiled with a subtle warmth, absorbing the cozy, spook-filled atmosphere. Lights buzzed softly above the hellhound's head. A smug grin spread across her muzzle.

"Loona!"

"What the-... yeah?" The hellhound was shaken away from her thoughts, her changes coming to a conclusive standstill. What was she doing again? "Uhh, are you guys okay?"

"We're good! You started staring off into space."

"Pretty much."

"Right, uh. What was I doing again?"

"We were all just about to go and hang out with the others in the main room! Since me and Roxy-"

"Roxanne."

"-Me and Roxanne are done here!"

"Oh damn, yeah! I'll carry our drinks in if that's alright?"

She grabbed a few plastic cups in her paws, walking into the bigger light.

"Sweet, c'mon Tails."

"Right behind you!"

The fox sprung up, his tail spinning as he hovered. Happy, the three walked out chattering. The magic in the air only seemed to intensify with each passing moment. Peeking from the windows, the stars seemed to shine a little brighter.

"Guys? Where is everyone?"

J peeked into the kitchen, the timing a little less than great as the three turned to face him with a tripled snarl.

“Uh… who are you?”

“J? Here for the party? I just stepped out to get some extra ice from that weird box thing out there.”

“... Loon’, you can take this one.”

“Wait what-”

With a snap of Loona’s fingers, the room suddenly grew around him. His height shrunk, losing a few feet as his body settled into a shorter form.

A bright golden yellow started to thicken on his skin, any previous colour becoming washed away in a treasure-like trove of gold. Vibrant and energetic, it spread across rapidly, a yip escaped J’s lips as his voice began to break, his confused pleas turning into random, near-animalistic vocalisations.

Hands began to shift, fingers becoming fluff-covered digits with studded, grey claws. His scruffy hair simply simplified into more yellow fuzz on his head, his human ears elongating and relocating to the top of his skull, his face pointing down into a jaded muzzle, his nose flattening into a small, black button against his face. Little buzzing feelings of electricity, like static, frazzled his mind with an electrifying touch. J’s baggy clothes vanished into his fur, his shirt puffing and growing into a thick wad of chest fluff, coloured a bright and unsurmountable white against the luminous yellow.

Sleeves of purple climbed up his arms, cupping his new wrists as the edges flared up with a stylistic nod. Spikes of feverish yellow flicked up at his shoulders.

A power flew from flickeringly ruminant to strikingly present as a bright shock of magic speckled in his eyes. Purple markings dashed themselves across his thighs, his proportions changed and modified with imbued muscle, a renewed strength that pushed through his old human self.

Glowing, the purple markings fully embedded themselves in his fur, becoming *part* of him as the tips of his ears brightened with that same chest white. Small streaks of purple underlined his eyes, a zag in the line following the tough curve of his changing eyes. The jolting burst of energy shifted his eyes into a sky blue, a shimmering glimmer speckled above his pupils.

By nature, Digimon do not have gender.

The concept was becoming more and more abstract within J’s thoughts as their, his, her, its changes continued to completion. Little tugs and presses of their body only affirmed these feelings more and more, humanity becoming a distant daydream as thoughts continued to circle their mind, the past’s ordinary became hazy, dreary as it brightly made way for this

shimmering, excitingly new normal. A bright flick of their ears sending glowing shocks through their body.

Renamon perked up, their body feeling more and more comfortably with each rejuvenating second they'd spent inhabiting it. Renamon, that was their name, wasn't it? Twinned with their species, one that felt truly theirs. Their tail wagged happily behind them, a new voice emerging and affirming, speaking in a new tone, words coming from a new mind.

They didn't drink, usually, often sparing the act for occasions. But wasn't *this* a fun occasion? With a bright chirp, they took a cup a sip from a cup of fruit juice, freshly taken from the refreshment's table.

"Are we good now?"

Renamon nodded.

"Cool, let's go."

As the night continued, the rest of the party seemed to focus on the front room, sitting at the front windows. Lights only seemed to glow brighter and brighter as so did the party! What only started as a few characters chatting randomly had turned into that same cornucopia of Halloween joy. Ollie, Sora and Tails were chatting about *techy* things together, Colin and Girlfriend were small-talking with Ramona. Roxanne and Loona were busy playing Cards Against Humanity with Allister. And Renamon was busy ensuring that the Halloween Party playlist didn't start autoplaying Christmas tunes by accident.

"If it weren't for… baked beans… we wouldn't have… the new Radiohead album?"
"British people, what can I say?"
"I really like this one! I th-think it's an amazing example o-of the genre. And the g-game design is really a-awesome and modern."
"Yeah I took the subspace highway here, glad I didn't end up crashing into the house."
"That's fun, I use SAVE points myself for travel."
"Beep bap!"

The only straggler they ended up catching (so far) was Lyric! Who'd just finished lighting the candles of the Jack-o'-lanterns on the front porch.

"Oh hey every-"
"Heya there!"
"Damn, hey Zooble.""
"Bop!"
"Zooble, good to see ya!"
"Hi"
"Ooh Zooble's here, sweet."
"H-Hi Zooble!"
"Heyo"

As soon as the name hit them. Lyric's body **abstracted**, their body shifting and changing in cartoonish shape. The pale skin on their face sweetened into a sickly, technicolour **pink**. A swirling red coloured their left arm, a bright red spring leading into a **bubblegum ball joint**, holding the new **claw** that was replacing their hand. Fingers merged and simplified into an almost plastic quality. Bowing out at the wrist, their hand snapped with a solid click. **Bright splotches of pixelled corruption appeared to hover and magnify over their humanity, like windows into their new form, the code of their avatar being written into the engine. Layers continued to peel back, becoming real against their skin as any former humanity started to dither**.

Strange in feeling, their torso began to swell, their purple sweater merging with their skin as the deep plum toughened into a bright yellow, almost amber as their torso simplified into what looked like a bean. An eye popped out of their skull, painless yet drastic, a **BOING!** cartoonishly complementing the change as Lyric's iris swirled into a thickening cyclone, a tooning spiral.

Sparkling softly, a great, wild pressure pushed and made pressure all over their head, compressing their face greatly as it simplified, the detail rendering itself nought as a soft pink eyelid appeared to wrap around their eye. **Spots of orange splotched across Lyric's torso, patterning it randomly as a bright cyan shape affixed itself to their "skin", flat and seamless as it simply slotted itself in**.

Eventually, no trace of Lyric's former face remained, their brown hair sprung up into the checkered monochrome of one of their antennae, the **other zigging and zagging erratically until making up the gentle lightning on the side of their head**. Their blue-ish glasses vanished in a bright puff of glowing colour, melting into a splotch of hue that seemed to soak along the soft polygons of this new body, this avatar. A pixelled splat of code seemed to hover over **L£4$'s** only remaining human eye, until a gloved hand seemed to tear it away.

A batted blue eyelash closed slightly around their other eye, soft lashes toonishly vectored and drawn. **@£4$%'s** neck simplified into a stem of deeper aubergine, a naff construction amidst the rest of their mixed parts. Wait, what happened to their name?

Name, name, why couldn't they remember their- **name? Thoughts were being slowly, but surely rewritten, overwhelmed by the abel of digital software. The brightly sounding jingle of a brightly sounding circus, a marching carnival of sounds. ^&%> remembered the bright colours, the endlessly bright colours that somehow glowed even brighter after dark. They remembered the face of the jackrabbit they'd always tussle with. They remembered the face of the jester, her calm but capriciously dithering demeanor. They remembered the face of the king, his genius amidst his tyrannical madness. They remembered the rag doll, the button on her face replacing more than just her eye. And they remembered the coiled touch of someone they'd come to cherish.**

Zooble, that was their name. Well, it wasn't theirs, but it was the most they'd come to know themselves as. They looked up, and androgyny still maintained from the wilder walk between humanity and cartoon. A cartoon character! They were a cartoon character. Their voice sat still in their throatless throat. A warm but always hushed

tone. Even with this dramatic change in scenery, their expression still remained spiraled and apathetic, mouthless. A strangely distant, but potent euphoria filled their body, almost mutual with their tempered existentialism.

And before they knew it, *they* were joining in on the festivities too! In the form of being Roxanne and Loona's fourth for Cards Against Humanity…

Up to this point, the night's looming magic had been narrowly avoiding Kit. Letting them be as she got to watch the pure bedlam of fandom circle the Urbana house. A striped sweater replaced the usual purple of their signature outfit, the striped yellow and green was warm and baggy against their figure. About average height, Kit looked up in confused wonder at the myriad characters that'd now seemed to tower over her. An animatronic, a hellhound, a digimon? And even the whirring, hovering shape of a certain fox-like mobian. With every spindling trial of magic that brushed against their outfit, skirting by their hair. It was only a matter of time before that sparkling touch, the creeping, crawling magic of the season would temper.

A great storm of magic circled them, a glowing red casting a lightless shadow underneath their hair as medium became short. Deep brown became a lighter but dark maroon, lush and brooding. Shoulder-length as it curled slightly at the wool of their sweater's shoulder. Kit's eyes blinked until her warm, brown eyes intensified into an unseen colour. Red filled their vision with a flicker of light. The pink highlights in their hair became muted, the colour fading into the rest of the faded tone.

Kit's fringe continued to grow out, falling in front of their face while their expression began to nullify, the curious smile on their face turning into a flat look of wistful bemusement.

Starting at Kit's face, their pale skin brightened into a vibrant amber, almost inhuman as her hands and arms became toned with the same colour. Their height shrunk, years of age slowly being ticked away as their outfit tightened slightly to fit their teenage form. Her colour seemed to brighten. Saturating underneath the pure, technicolour darkness as their sweater brightened at the sleeves.

The colour continued to climb up, radiant and dreamlike until their outfit became reality, no longer just a cosplay. Any remaining parts of Kit's outfit simply dimmed into slow non-description, looking over themselves in stunned awe as everything was rewritten into **Kris.** That was their name, right? The thought felt brightly tempting, their form having taken the look of the prophecy's CAGE.

A glowing light beamed from Kit's chest, shining almost infinitely as the brightness caught the stray colours of the room, glittering and shimmering all across the ceiling, colouring the night around them. It was almost as if their SOUL was glowing. Their thoughts unfurled into a distant spiral, memories filling their mind. Kit remembered Hometown, the years they'd lived and spent growing up with Azzy and Noelle, hanging out with them and Dess. They remembered being taught in their mom's kindergarten class, remembering how she insisted they call her "mom", even while everyone else just used "Miss Toriel".

Identity became something foreign, almost numb? Their name didn't feel theirs anymore, “Kit” sounded like a far off whisper, something they couldn't make out. **Their** body affirmed itself with a new androgyny, their gender becoming a part that continued to loom off of the binary, pronouns becoming entirely neutral. Amidst the sparkling fog, the lightner recalled a name. **Kris**.

Kris’ mind spun with the countless memories of the Darkworld. Seeing Susie, Ralsei, Lancer, Noelle, Berdly maybe? Memories of those adventures, they'd certainly had less productive “study sessions”.

Any lingering trace of “Kit” seemed to drift away from the lightner. The headphones that sat over their shoulders glowed with a piercing red light, sparkle pulling them apart and reaffirming the light on their head, slid between their hair. Bright red seemed to solidify, creating a headband, *their* horned headband.

A warm, strong connection to their found monster lineage. Even without fur, without horns or scales, or magic. They were still a **Dreemurr**. Their horns glowed softly, the red twinned with their eyes, the colour almost managing to peel through the dim darkness. The last little wisp of sparkle soon seemed to fade away, simply becoming a touch of glitter on Kris’ sweater.

Kris stood up, the red of their eyes glistening from the light, peeking through their bangs. A small, knowing smirk spread across their face. One last up of the ante.

“Oh hey Kris, when did you get here?”
“Kris! Heya.”
“Helloo”
“Looks like everyone's here.”
“Hi again.”
“Hey.”
“Waves!”
“Beep bap!”

They nodded, sipping their cup of moss-water with a wave.

“But y-yeah! I think we have everyone.”
“Nice, maybe we could do a group selfie? Or something similar.”
“That sounds fun!”
“Anyone got a phone? I don't carry one, gotta keep myself from scrolling.”
“I can take it! I'm pretty damn good at this type of thing.”

Loona stood up, a paw slipping into her pocket as she pulled out her phone. The case was bright and holographic, doodles of moons and stars adorning the plastic.

“Ight, everyone get in the frame.”

A variety of cheers and whoops could be heard, pure excitement as the music continued to thump. Roxanne, Tails, Ollie, Sora, Colin, Girlfriend, Allister, Ramona, Renamon, and Zooble

all got into the frame! Loona peeked in, making a peace sign with her paw as everyone huddled together.

“Is everyone ready?”

“Yep.”
“Yesss.”
“Heck yes.”
“Yes!”
“Uh huh.”
“Y-Yeah!”
“Of course!”
“Beep!”

“Uh… wh-where’s Kris?”
“H u h.”

Suddenly, over the speakers, a bright math rock riff sounded out. The laptop controlling the music had been left unattended, and had abandoned the sacred playlist.

“Why's it playing Never Meant?”

From the shadowed dark of the door to the kitchen ran a rabid-looking Kris, a kitchen knife in hand as they jumped into the air. Their eyes glowing with pure red, lights flickering from above them as their blade pierced the wooden flooring. Pure darkness flooding the room, light usurped by the growing might of the fountain.

“Let's just forgeeeet, everythiiiiiiing we did.”

And then I burst through the door!

“Hey guys! Sorry for being late but I brought a bunch of these really cool paper cups that you can stack and knock ov-”

I watched the scene unfold, everyone watching in awe as the room was enveloped by great darkness. Light reflecting and bending through the fountain’s dark light. And before I had the chance to have a cool transformation of my own.

The house was swallowed by *darkness…*

[End]
[Happy Halloween!]